

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (LIMITED).

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 7.—ROMEO & GIULIETTA, at 8.15. Mdme Albani, Mdle Reggiani; Signor Cotogni, M. Devoyod, Signor De Reszke, and Signor Marconi. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

MONDAY next, June 9.—LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Mdmes Albani, Sembrich, and Pauline Lucca; Signori Cotogni and De Reszke.

TUESDAY next, June 10.—LA GIOCONDA, at 8 o'clock (Last Time this Season). Mdme Marie Durand, Mdme Lateraner, Mdle Tremelli; Signor Cotogni, Signor De Reszke, and Signor Marconi.

THURSDAY, June 12.—LES HUGUENOTS, at 8.15. Mdme Pauline Lucca, Mdme Scalchi, and Mdme Sembrich; Signori Cotogni, De Reszke, Monti, and Mierzwinski.

Doors open half-an-hour before the performance commences. The Box Office of the Theatre is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 1s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) begs to announce that his **GRAND HARP CONCERT** will take place at **ST JAMES'S HALL**, on **SATURDAY Morning, June 28th**, at Three o'clock, assisted by the most eminent Artists. Harp Solos, Songs, with Harp Accompaniment, Duets for two Harps, and several Compositions for a BAND OF HARPS. Further particulars will be duly announced. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be obtained of the principal Music-sellers and Librarians; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and of **MR JOHN THOMAS**, 53, Welbeck Street, W.

MR W. HENRY THOMAS' EVENING CONCERT will take place in the **ST GEORGE'S ROOM**, Tufnell Park, N., on **MONDAY, June 23rd, 1884**, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Mdme Edith Wynne, Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Margaret Hoare, Miss Eleanor Rees; Mr Dyved Lewis, Mr Lucas Williams, Mr Lewis Thomas. Instrumentalists: Harp—Mr John Thomas (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen); Violoncello—Mr Walter Trulove; Pianoforte—Mr W. Henry Thomas. Admission, by Ticket only, Half-a-Crown, to all parts of the room. Tickets may be obtained of the usual Agents, and of **MR W. HENRY THOMAS**, 7, Liddington Place, Harrington Square, N.W.

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"Under the title of 'The Musical Year, 1883,' Mr Joseph Bennett has reprinted his articles on the leading musical events of the past year, which originally appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. It is long since a more thoroughly enjoyable volume has come under our notice. Mr Bennett's opinions will always be received, even by those who differ from them, with the respect due to an earnest thinker and a most conscientious and honest critic; while as regards his style he is *facile princeps* among all writers on music in this country. Such articles as his obituary notice of Richard Wagner, his critiques on Bruch's *Odyseus*, Mackenzie's *Colomba*, and Dvorak's *Stabat Mater*—to cite but a few out of many equally good—well deserve preservation in a more accessible form than the files of a newspaper. But the whole book is so full of charm as to render it difficult to specify single portions without implied injustice to the rest. In one respect we think it might have been improved. With a few conspicuous exceptions, the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts are not noticed at all, except with a line or two recording the specialities of the programmes. In addition to Mr Bennett's articles, notes are given of the principal suburban and provincial musical events of the year."—*Athenaeum*, May 3rd.

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HERR EUGEN D'ALBERT.

(From "The Lute.")

Poets have always thought themselves on safe ground when exalting the virtue of patriotism. They feel as secure against contradiction there as a parson does in the pulpit, and shrink not from the most strained heroics. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, openly challenged the existence of any man not animated by the purest and strongest love of country:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart has not within him burned
When home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

So Wordsworth, who speaks of being—

"fast-rooted in the ancient tower
Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither there."

But a great many different sorts of people seem necessary to make a world. Exceptions, at any rate, appear to be required in order, by contrast, to magnify the virtue of the rule. Wherefore, the man who maligns his native country has, after all, a *raison d'être*, and does not exist in vain. He is the shadow on the landscape, that intensifies the splendour of the sun-lit slopes. Let us not, therefore, pass him silently and contemptuously by.

In its issue of December 20th last, the *Musical Standard* gave a short biographical sketch of Eugene d'Albert, a young Englishman—native of Newcastle-on-Tyne—whose remarkable powers as a composer and pianist had for some time attracted considerable attention. "It was stated," says our respected contemporary in a recent summary of the notice in question, "that he was the son of Mr Charles d'Albert, the well-known writer of much graceful dance-music; that the boy, at the age of thirteen, was elected (after competition) to a free scholarship at the newly-established 'National Training School for Music,' subsequently gaining the Queen's Scholarship, founded at that institution by Her Majesty; that he was trained under Sir (then Mr) Arthur Sullivan, Dr J. Stainer, Mr E. Pauer, and Mr E. Prout; that the progress he made in his studies during the five years he was a pupil at the School was so satisfactory that he was selected to play before the Philharmonic Society and at the Crystal Palace Concerts; that his compositions—notably an overture for full orchestra and a piano-forte concerto—written while *in statu pupillari*, met with distinct approval at our best concerts; that on the recommendation of Sir Arthur Sullivan, he was nominated Mendelssohn Scholar, so that he could go abroad and widen his already-acquired knowledge; and, lastly, that Herr H. Richter, the conductor, about eighteen months ago, took him to Vienna, since when he has been playing with much success at the chief towns in Austria, Germany, and Russia." This I believe to be a succinct statement of absolute, incontrovertible facts, and one might have supposed that Mr d'Albert felt proud and glad to have so fair a record translated into German, and circulated amongst the public to whom he now appeals. But this unfortunate youth felt nothing of the kind. On seeing the *Musical Standard* article in the *Neue Musik Zeitung* of Cologne, he was impelled to take up his pen and address a corrective letter to the editor. Here is the precious epistle, as faithfully translated by Mr T. L. Southgate for our contemporary aforesaid:—

"Much honoured Mr Editor, —

"A short time ago I received a copy of your excellent paper containing a sketch of my life. Permit me to correct a few errors I find therein. Above all things I scorn the title 'English pianist';—unfortunately, I studied for a considerable period in that land of fogs, but during that time I learnt absolutely nothing; indeed, had I remained there much longer I should have gone to utter ruin. You are consequently wrong in stating in your article that the Englishmen mentioned were my 'teachers.' From them I learnt nothing, and, indeed, no one could learn anything properly from them. I have to thank my father, Hans Richter, and Franz Liszt for everything. It is my decided opinion, moreover, that the system of general musical instruction in England is such that any talent following its rules must become fruitless. Only since I left that barbarous land, have I begun to live. And I live now for the unique, true, glorious German art!—EUGEN D'ALBERT, Munich, 29th March, 1884."

My first emotion on reading this letter was one of unaffected pity for the writer, and with this came regret that the epistle had

not been allowed to remain in the comparative obscurity of a foreign tongue. But the matter involved has a more than personal application, and Mr d'Albert's language is scarcely that which can be passed over, albeit a mere lad has uttered it. I am quite unable to regard the letter as the ingenuous, impulsive statement of a youth. Its avowed purpose was the correction of a "few errors," but, as a matter of fact, the only point disputed is the meaning which should be attached to the word "teachers." Mr d'Albert does not deny that he "studied" under the professors named. What he does protest is that, though Messrs Sullivan, Stainer, Pauer, and Prout were his teachers in the conventional meaning of the term, they taught him nothing, for the simple reason that "no one could learn anything properly from them." The "few errors" which our young countryman set himself eagerly to correct, dwindle, therefore, on examination into a mere question of opinion regarding the teaching powers of gentlemen who were unfortunate enough to have the boy d'Albert under their care. Let me, for a moment, do a wildly unjust act, and take Mr d'Albert's word on the point at issue. He describes himself as having benefited by the instruction of three persons—his father, Richter, and Liszt. The last two he did not know during his career in England, whence it follows that Mr Charles d'Albert, the popular writer of graceful dance music, is the source whence Eugene d'Albert derived all the technical skill shown in his English compositions and performances. The respected father of this poor lad would be the first to deny that any such credit belongs to him. But, if not to Mr Charles d'Albert, to whom? Or did the boy's technical knowledge, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "come by nature?" "Only since I left that barbarous land," says Mr Eugene, now hitting back at his father, "have I begun to live;" whence it follows that the young hopeful is only eighteen months old. Truly a marvellous child, as well as an *enfant terrible*!

Let me observe here how our young friend, hastening to correct a "few errors," and not doing it because none such existed, devotes the bulk of his epistle to calumny of his native land. As a matter of personal conduct, this is bad enough, even under provocation, but here the act is quite gratuitous. At any rate, so it appears on first sight. May there not, however, be an object after all? It is stated that the youth is, on his father's side, of French extraction; anyhow, his name is certainly no more English than it is German. Nothing in Mr d'Albert's letter concedes the fact that he is an Englishman, while anyone reading the epistle without previous knowledge of circumstances would naturally conclude the writer to be a foreigner who unfortunately spent his early years in the "land of fogs" amid the "barbarous" influences becoming to such a place. I put it to anyone whether this is not the impression conveyed. If Mr d'Albert aimed at the result just indicated, nothing is easier than to understand why he flouted and scouted everything English. The question whether the end justified the means I shall not give myself the trouble to debate.

It may be asked—Why take serious notice of the words uttered by a mere boy? I have already implied that this question occurred to me; nevertheless, one cannot pass by unnoticed an event which presents a grave aspect. Is it nothing that, in a certain sense, we lose from among our English composers, at this hopeful period of native art, a young musician so accomplished as Eugene d'Albert? The Newcastle youth has qualities of the highest order, and may develop into an actual genius, with powers sufficient to reflect lustre upon the country of his birth. It is true that he cannot transfer the honour of his nativity from England to Germany, but he can make himself in all essential respects a German musician, and leave to his own land a barren credit, such as under the circumstances would hardly be worth claiming. Some persons may look upon this with unconcern, but I am not of the number. In a musical sense, England needs the help of all her sons—of those especially who are gifted beyond common.

The case has another aspect. There can hardly be a doubt that this young man, when writing his pitiful letter, intended to say what he thought would be agreeable to the musicians among whom he has cast in his lot. Going down from the Jerusalem of London to the Jericho of Vienna he fell amongst the wrong sort of people. I say nothing against Herr Richter. That accomplished musician and amiable man knows England too well to encourage sneers at her, least of all from one of her own children.

But when young d'Albert was taken in hand by the "advanced" tribe of German music-makers—representatives of the "unique" (happily), true, glorious German art" for which he now lives, he found himself in very different company. There were greedy ears, doubtless, for railings at the "barbarous land," and a disposition to encourage them, in order that a young man so gifted might cut himself off from England, and cover with his shining talents the squalid rags of their own artistic poverty. They wanted a clever recruit badly, and seem to have made up amongst them an efficient Sergeant Kite. At any rate they secured the prize, and now young d'Albert, with the ribbons of the "unique, true, glorious," &c., in his hat, has abandoned home and country to fight for a cause sadly in need, not of wordy and noisy, but heaven-endowed champions.

We are not yet bound to despair of the boy. He cannot have a large amount of worldly wisdom in his young head, and experience of life may teach him shortly how great a mistake he has made. It is possible that he will come back to us like a Prodigal Son. Shall we receive him like a Prodigal Son's father—kill the fatted calf and be merry? That, beyond question, is our duty, since a *locus penitentie* ought never to be refused when an erring mortal seeks it. Let d'Albert return, therefore, "with strong crying and tears," and by-gones shall be by-gones. He may not choose to do this, but, hardening his heart, persist in calling himself Herr Eugen d'Albert. In that case I can only say, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." As a German, Herr d'Albert may visit our country, no more deterred by its fogs and barbarity than many of his adopted countrymen. On the whole, I think he had better not. The atmosphere may prove uncongenial and the barbarous customs troublesome.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

MR. COWEN'S WELSH SYMPHONY.

With reference to Mr F. H. Cowen's new symphony, it was stated in the programme-book, "The first duty of the analyst charged with the introduction of the work to a Philharmonic audience is to find a name for the new arrival." This may mean that, in the writer's opinion, "a Philharmonic audience" specially desires every "new arrival" to have a name, or it may express an individual conviction that symphonies derive some advantage from the label which an analyst chooses to affix. In either case, we have to deal with a mere assumption doubtful as to its basis, and suspicious as to its tendency. The analyst thinks that Beethoven's "Eroica," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" would hardly "stand forth in every listener's mind with equal vividness if the key-signature attached to them were their only distinction." It is unfortunate for this idea that the symphony most vividly present to the minds of amateurs—Beethoven's "C minor"—is known by its key signature and nothing else. When, however, a composer has given his work an obvious and decided character, such as a word can clearly express, it is an advantage to agree upon using that word, not only for distinction's sake, but also because it puts a key into the hands of the audience. The analyst sees reason for terming the new symphony "Welsh," at the same time permitting those whose taste in words is classic to call it "Cambrian." We are disposed to think that Mr Cowen will not question the appellation. Welsh music must certainly have been running in his mind when he invented the themes. It is needful to say, however, that the Cymric character in this symphony is not analogous to the Scandinavian character of its immediate forerunner. In the last named case we note what may be called pictorial suggestiveness—an appeal to the imaginative power which at the same time receives an impulse in the required direction. The "Welsh Symphony" is Welsh merely because some of its leading melodies have a feature in common with many Cambrian airs. It follows that here there is no such intimate connection between the name and the thing as we find in the symphony known by the term "Scandinavian." This is not Mr Cowen's fault. A composer would be puzzled to make a symphonic work which shall be recognizably Welsh in more than theme, and even within the limit of melody no great distinctiveness is possible. Welsh airs are, for the most part, of a very modern character. We mean that they are regularly constructed upon the ordinary diatonic scale, and have no such peculiar features—for example, the pentatonic scale, and the scale with two augmented seconds—as those which distinguish the music of other branches of the Celtic stock. No doubt, their completeness, according to modern ideas, arises from the fact that the triple harp, unlike the pipes of Scotland and Ireland, was itself complete, but in the very measure of their likeness to the ordinary musical expressions of civilization

are they ill-adapted to the purpose of a composer who seeks special effects. Mr Cowen has done what he could by seizing upon a decided peculiarity in Cambrian tunes. The lines of Welsh poetry very often end with a weak syllable, and, accommodating itself thereto, Welsh music frequently terminates its phrases with two notes, one accented on the third of the scale, the other unaccented, on the tonic. In the first and last movements of the symphony these two notes are the most characteristic feature, but Mr Cowen, when presenting the second subject of his opening *allegro* employs a variation apparently trivial, really important. That is to say, he adds another unaccented tonic note. As far as we can make out this is not Welsh at all; examination of scores of authentic Cambrian tunes failing to discover a single analogous case. The most purely Welsh theme in the work is that which opens the last movement. It might have been written under the influence of "Merch Megan." In the *finale*, also, a harp, is introduced for the purpose of securing "local colour," and, on the whole, the symphony has a right to stand as the "Welsh," though the connection between the nationality and the music depends upon a comparatively weak tie.

The foregoing considerations are subordinate to the question whether Mr Cowen has written a good symphony. On this point it would be unprofitable to enter upon a detailed comparison between the "Welsh" and the "Scandinavian." Comparison in the briefest terms will suffice, and we elect to put it in the formula of proportion: As is Beethoven's Eighth Symphony to his Seventh, so is Mr Cowen's Fourth to his Third. Amateurs will at once understand what this implies. Looking at the new work for itself alone, we congratulate Mr Cowen upon having closely followed classical models. Each movement is a perfect example of orthodox form, and, save for a reminiscence of the first at the close of the last, stands forth as, *per se*, an independent thing, while, in association, harmonising with the rest. Some confidence is required to compose a symphony on these lines now, and the task appears, by comparison, infinitely more difficult than wandering off into courses which the great masters never followed, and where their crushing superiority is unfelt. The first *allegro*, like that of the "Scandinavian," is the best movement of the four, albeit it never rises to lofty heights of epic grandeur. Mr Cowen here puts his argument concisely, avoiding the dreary verbosity of people who have nothing to say; while, if his two chief themes lack strong contrast of character, they offer sufficient change of style. The first theme is quite original, and has an undeniable claim to distinction. The second, though less marked, is the prettier, and, charmingly treated, comes into the scheme of the *allegro* like one of those graceful fancies of Gothic architecture which the old builders were never weary of repeating. In the development of the subjects there are combinations ingenious enough to display Mr Cowen's musicianship at its best, and the interest of the movement is sustained to the end without breaking in upon the gentle, almost idyllic character set forth at the beginning. The *allegro*, in the key of B flat minor, has for successor an *andante tranquillo* in E flat, which, in its own special way, sustains and strengthens the effect already produced. It is a long stream of quiet, expressive melody, set forth with the practical skill of a master of orchestral treatment. We mark in it no profundity of thought or sentiment. It does not lift us to the heavens, or even to the Welsh mountain tops, but as there is enjoyment in following some gentle brook through a happy pastoral valley, so there is pleasure in this equable flow of beautiful and delicately accompanied tune. The *scherzo* brings a change and strikes a higher note. If the similitude of a stream may be followed up, the waters here travel over broken ground with many a boisterous rush and sport of spray, opening presently into the tranquil "reach" of the trio. We cannot but admire this *scherzo* greatly. It is instinct with the true spirit of such a movement, and shows the workmanship of a cunning hand. The *finale*, in the form of a first *allegro*, gives less immediate satisfaction than any other movement—like that of the "Scandinavian" by the by; and it is possible that Mr Cowen would have been wiser had he written the movement in lighter style and in the *rondo* form. There are passages that appeal at once for admiration, but the flight of the music, as a whole seems laboured. On this matter, however, it would be rash to pronounce a definite opinion till after better acquaintance. Enough for the present that the symphony commends itself to further notice. The connoisseur recognizes its credentials as genuine, gives it a welcome, and is prepared to let acquaintance ripen into friendship. Mr Cowen could hardly have desired for his work a more cordial reception. It was warmly applauded, and he, for its sake, had the honour of repeated calls.—D. T.

Mr Villiers Stanford's new opera, *Savonarola*, is to be produced at Covent Garden a fortnight hence. That it will be a prodigious success is already prognosticated by the "advanced people."

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

M. Maurel, who must have discovered by this time that the manager of a theatre does not repose, even metaphorically speaking, upon a bed of roses, has brought his first season to a termination. It cannot be said to have fulfilled all the expectations at first entertained of it, though, from a purely pecuniary point of view, it cannot be justly termed unsatisfactory. The gross receipts for 73 nights amounted to 1,100,281 francs, or an average of 15,195 francs 62 centimes a night. With such returns everything ought to have gone on merrily enough, but, truth to say, the reverse was the case. M^{me} Adler-Devriès and Gayarre were two of the greatest attractions. Among the other artists engaged was Sig. Stagno. He hardly came, however, ere he vanished again. He made his *début* in *Rigoletto*, but failed to please his audience, who were rather unusually severe, objecting to him both vocally and histrionically. He next sang in *Il Barbiere*, and met with a far more favourable reception; then having, so to speak, effaced the memory of his non-success, he cancelled his engagement with M. Maurel, and started for fresh fields and pastures new inhabited by beings more ready to appreciate his artistic efforts. The last opera given by M. Maurel was Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, he himself taking the baritone, and Sig. Novelli, who was much applauded, the tenor part. The two female characters, Amelia and Ulrica, to which may be added that of the Page, Edgardo, were sustained by Signore Tetrizzini, Tiozio, and Boy-Gilbert, three ladies previously unknown to a Parisian public, but who had no reason to complain of not meeting with a friendly welcome. By the way, the theatre will re-open its doors for one night on the 10th inst. for a grand artistic and musical performance, now in course of organization by the Princess Metternich and a number of ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, for the benefit of Rameau's granddaughter.

At the Grand Opera things are going on much as usual. One of the most interesting items of news in connection with it is, perhaps, that M. Vaucoirel intends reviving *Moïse*, and that the cast will include M^{me} Escalais-Lureau, M^{lles} Isaac, Vidal, MM. Lassalle, Dereims, and Gailhard.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Carmen*, *Lakmé*, and *Manon* continue to attract. In the first of the above works, M^{me} Galli-Marié has resumed her original character, that of the wayward heroine; in the second, M. Degenne, a young tenor from Geneva, replaces M. Talazac as Gérard. M. Carvalho, who has been far from well for some time past, intends, it is said, to postpone till September the long promised *Joli Gille* of M. Poise. Another event postponed till the autumn is the last appearance of M^{me} Carvalho, who will then retire from the lyric stage, on which she has achieved so many triumphs.

As already announced, M. Garnier has purchased the lease of the Théâtre du Chateau-d'Eau from the official representative of M. G. de Lagrené, the late manager of the ill-fated Opéra-Populaire, which M. Garnier intends to carry on. This gentleman is, it would seem, a tenor very popular in the French provinces and abroad. Among the artists engaged by him are M^{lles} Marie Mineur, Delprato, Bertha Pasquier; MM. C. Robert, tenor; Guirot, baritone, a member of the old company; and M. Saint-Jean, bass. The season is to be inaugurated with Donizetti's *Martyrs*.

According to the new Army Bill, on which the Chambers will soon have to decide, every Frenchman will in future be obliged to serve a certain time with the colours. The Government, having at heart the scientific, artistic, and literary interests of the country, intend proposing that the pupils of the Normal School, the Schools of Law and Medicine, the School of Fine Arts, and some other similar institutions, shall enjoy certain privileges, and either not be called on to join the ranks till they are twenty-four years of age, or be exempted altogether. Musicians demand that to the list of young men whom Government would justly favour shall be added the students belonging to the Composition Classes at the Conservatory of Music, for, unless the measure of relief be extended to them also, the "Prix de Rome" is destined virtually to become nothing more than a name and a reminiscence—M. Gailhard, the bass of the Grand Opera, after marrying on the 6th inst. a lady of the name of Mercier, will take a holiday of some months. According to the papers, an operatic class has been formed at the Conservatory in addition to that presided over by M. Obin, and the direction of it confided to M. Gailhard, an ap-

pointment which has given rise to some dissatisfaction in certain quarters.

As stated in a preceding number of the *Musical World*, M. Camille Saint-Saëns and M. Danbé have been created foreign members of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm. The number of such members is forty-five, and among them are Ambroise Thomas, Charles Gounod, Gevaert, Ferdinand von Hiller, Manuel Garcia, Hubert Léonard, Henri Panofka, Nicolas Masset, Niels Gade, Franz Liszt, Johann Hartmann, Jean Allard, Jean Verhulst, Wekerlin, Giuseppe Verdi, Anton Rubinstein, Joseph Joachim, M^{me} Clara Schumann, M^{me} Pauline Viardot, Ferd. Wilhelms, Pablo de Sarasate, Carl Reinecke, M^{me} Trebelli, Joseph Hellmesberger, and Hans von Bülow.

Some short time since, the Monument erected to the late Baron Taylor by the members of the five Associations which were founded by, and are so deeply indebted to, him, was solemnly unveiled in the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise. An immense concourse witnessed the ceremony. The Monument, situated to the left of the Chapel, and near the grave of Henri Reber, the composer, was designed by M. Guillaume, architect of the Versailles Museum and of the Louvre. A patten of blue Normandy granite supports a column on which stands a statue of Baron Taylor. It is the work of M. Jules Thomas, and is pronounced an admirable likeness. Two modillions, on the left and right of the column, bear respectively the inscriptions:

MDCCCLXII.
Association des
Artistes Dramatiques.

MDCCCLXIX.
Association des Inventeurs et des
Artistes Industriels.

MDCCCLXIII.
Association des
Artistes Musiciens.

MDCCCLVIII.
Association des Membres
de l'Enseignement.

On the column is inscribed:

Au Baron Taylor, Membre de l'Institut
MDCCCLXIV.

Association des Artistes Peintres, Sculpteurs, Architectes,
Graveurs, Dessinateurs.

At the back, another inscription runs thus:

Société des Gens de Lettres. Société des Auteurs
et Compositeurs Dramatiques.

XV Août MDCCCLXXXIX.

VI Septembre MDCCCLXXXIX.

Commissaire Royal près la Comédie-Française.
Sénateur.

Grand-Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.

Speeches were delivered by MM. Sommerard, Guillaume, Halanzier, Ludovic Halévy, and Kaempfen, and M. C. Digue read an address by M. Arsène Houssaye, prevented by illness from delivering it himself.

MR BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

(From the "Literary Gazette," June 15th, 1838.)

Too late for our notice last week, Mr Benedict gave a grand concert in Her Majesty's Theatre: a most delightful choice of music, executed to perfection by the best performers in London, vocal and instrumental, left us nothing to wish for. A fair share of Mr Benedict's own compositions for the *Gipsy's Warning* was introduced and duly applauded; and his ballad, "Scenes of my youth," sung sweetly by Miss Romer, obtained the warmest encore of the evening. M^{me} Cinti-Damoreau, who has lost none of her sweet voice, in her duetto, "Sull' aria," with M^{me} Persiani, was delicious, as she was also in a lively air from *Le Domino Noir*. Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini assisted with their talents. M^{me} Albertazzi, Miss F. Wyndham, Signors Catoni, Castellani, F. Lablache, Balfe, Oury, Moscheles, and Doehler also lent their effective aid. . . .

BEETHOVEN'S "UNEARTHED TREASURES."

ESTEEMED FRIEND.—In the catalogue of List & Francke, Leipzig, 1884, you will find (if you look)—

1094. Beethoven, Cantate auf d. Erhebg. Leopold II. z Kayserwürde. Part. in alter Abschrift—3 marks.

1095. ——— Trauer Cantate auf d. Tod Joseph II. Part. in alter Abschrift—3 marks.

Trusting this light from my lantern may assist you. I remain (as yet not snuff'd out) yours obliged A FARTHING RUSHLIGHT.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(From a Lady Contributor.)

Henry Irving's re-appearance at the Lyceum on his return from a tour of unprecedented brilliancy in the United States has been looked forward to as one of the events of the season. And in no way were any of the expectations of the extraordinary interest and excitement incident to the occasion disappointing. At his farewell last year there was naturally a note of regret pervading everything; but on Saturday all was hilariously cheerful. The theatre, crammed to the ceiling, and representing also much of the *élite* of London, was in itself a sight; and as some favourite, in the person of Lord Coleridge, or that talented and genial actor, Lawrence Barrett, entered, they were received with cheers. But what was this to the greeting that awaited the return of the wanderers to their "native heath." No wonder Ellen Terry's eyes filled with tears, as lithe, graceful, and bonnie as ever, she bounded on the stage, at the reception given her. But even that paled before the "salvoes" of applause that greeted Henry Irving. Again and yet again they pealed through the building. It must have been a moment in a man's life never to be forgotten, and a moment well deserved by a man who has been faithful to the standard he elected to act up to—that of the drama in its highest form—who has generously responded to the favours showered on him, and who is as modest in the hour of prosperity as in the more hard-working days of his career.

Never, perhaps, was the part of Benedick more perfectly represented by Mr Irving (or indeed any actor of our time) as on the interesting occasion of Saturday night. The genial manner of the soldier, the manly love-making, the stern indignation when he challenges Claudio were more finely delineated, more real than ever. One had almost feared the excitement of the American trip might in some way have influenced the rendering of the play, but on the contrary, Mr Irving, like a good singer, played it, if I may so say, within the tones; and in the Cathedral scene, one of the most perfect bits of scenic arrangement ever seen on the stage, Miss Terry gave a larger and more dramatic reading than she has ever yet done, and so it went on to the end. When one after another having each and all received their meed of applause, a mighty roar brought forward the hero of the hour alone, to make the speech all had been looking forward to.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—You will believe me when I tell you that it is an inexpressible delight to find ourselves amongst you once again. What can I say to you—how, on behalf of myself and my comrades, can I thank you for the greeting which you have given us? Without presumption we may believe that you are glad to see us back. It seems a long time—a time not measured by weeks or months—since we bade you 'Good-bye.' Since then we have travelled far, and the hopes which I ventured to express concerning our reception in America have been realized to our hearts' content. We have made troops of friends, and we have returned grateful for the magnificent welcome which the great people of America gave us, but not, I hope, forgetful of the dear friends we left at home. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, do not think the less of what I say because we shall soon be leaving you again; for, if all be well, we hope by and by to settle down contentedly in what you will allow me to call the bosom of our family. But to-night we are meeting and not parting, and I will not dwell upon that theme. No doubt you have heard many odd things about us, all sorts of reports concerning our projects for the future, and, among others, the building of a palatial structure on the Thames Embankment. Ladies and gentlemen, I have no such ambition; I shall remain here as long as my respected landlord will permit me; and I shall do all in my power to tempt you to come within these walls. It will be my hope and my ambition to present to you in the future a succession of plays sometimes described as 'ancient and modern,' and I am sure you will be interested to hear that in America, as in England, the ancient plays have had the best of it, for Shakspeare invariably brought us the largest measure of success. In fact, the prejudice up to the present has, I believe, been in favour of Shakspeare, and, therefore, you will not wonder when I tell you that it is my intention, during our present brief season, to present to you the ancient comedy of *Twelfth Night*. I need not make a secret of who the Viola will be, and you must have been rejoiced to see to-night that, after captivating all who beheld her across the Atlantic, we have brought back to you my Lady Beatrice in the best of health and spirits. We have sometimes been reproached for the long runs of plays, that consummation so devoutly wished by the managers of theatres in general. This may have been the misfortune of the management of this theatre, but certainly it has not been its fault; but *Twelfth Night*

must be an exception, for its run will of necessity be short; but, short as it must be, I wished to prove to you that to retain your favour we do not depend wholly upon what we have done, but that the present and the future are ever brightly in our thoughts. May I express my delight at the splendid reception you have given to our American friends, Miss Mary Anderson and Mr Lawrence Barrett? As their successes have been won in this theatre, you will pardon my saying that I feel a personal pride that you have so graciously done the honours of my house. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will again say how glad we are to be amongst you once more; and I hope that our own return will afford heart-stirring proof that our absence has not diminished your regard for us, or lessened the sense of obligation and duty which we owe to you."

It was cheered to the echo with one exception, when a dead silence fell on the house. But the silence in itself was the greatest compliment Mr Irving could receive—it was when he announced he was going back to America. But the subsequent announcement that after that he meant to settle in the "bosom of his family—the public"—drew forth applause.

The welcome accorded Henry Irving was not merely from friends sincerely attached and a public curiously faithful, whom he has had the happiness to be able "having their adoption tried—to grapple to his soul with hooks of steel," it was also the just and deserved recognition of his unceasing efforts to elevate to even greater heights the art he loves. Were Mr Irving even personally a less popular man, these services would have won him the respect and reward they merit. Popularity, however brilliant, founded on a less solid basis would long ere this have proved evanescent. "CARLEON."

Madame Carlotta Patti-De Munck and M. De Munck, the accomplished violoncellist, have returned to Paris, but as they have made themselves such favourites in our concert rooms it is to be hoped they will soon again pay us a visit and delight everyone with their exceptional talents.

MDME TAGLIONI.—Although known only by name to a later generation, the death of this esteemed lady, who was the most accomplished opera dancer of her time, will seem to older folk like the sudden snapping of another link connecting a long chain of memories associated with the stage. The Countess Gilbert de Voisins, so widely renowned as the graceful and light-footed Marie Taglioni, expired recently at Marseilles, in the eightieth year of her age, and at the residence of her son. Her birthplace was Stockholm, where, in 1804, her father, who was of Neapolitan origin, was engaged as chief dancer at the theatre. When he went to Vienna, in a similar capacity, he was accompanied by his little daughter, who had long been his pupil, and here, on June 16, 1822, Marie Taglioni made her first appearance on the stage in a grand ballet arranged and composed by her father. Her success was immediate, and five years afterwards the young danseuse was engaged at what was then considered a high salary for the Opera House, Paris, where her *début* was made July 23, 1827, in the *Ballet de Sicilien*. An engagement for five years with £320 per annum was quickly offered and accepted. After the French Revolution of 1830, her salary was raised to £3,200 per annum, and still higher terms were offered to secure her services for other Continental capitals. From Paris Marie Taglioni went to the Imperial Theatre, St Petersburg, and ultimately to London, where, at the King's, afterwards called Her Majesty's Theatre, still greater triumphs were achieved. Here in 1831 her style of dancing evoked the most enthusiastic admiration. Its chief characteristic was a graceful repose, accompanied by the appearance of extreme ease while performing the most difficult evolutions. Her shawl dance in the ballet of *La Bayadère*, and her expressive action and aerial flights in the ballet of *La Sylphide* perfectly realized what has been described as the poetry of motion. It was in the last-named ballet that she made her reappearance at Her Majesty's in 1844, and soon after took place her retirement from the stage. Her marriage then took place with Count Gilbert de Voisins, and of this union two children were the result, a daughter, who married the Prince Troubetzkoi, and a son, Count Gilbert de Voisins, an officer in the French army. Her large fortune was lost in the sacrifice of property resulting from the Franco-German war in 1870, when her son, who was on active service, was reported to be killed, the news—happily untrue as it proved—being transmitted to his mother, who was then in besieged Paris. In 1878 Mdme Taglioni established herself in London as a teacher of dancing and deportment, but about two years since, on the pressing invitation of her son, her abode was fixed at Marseilles, and here this once illustrious favourite of the public passed peacefully away, surrounded by those who best knew her strong claims to esteem and affection.—VOLTIGEUR.

LOUIS BRASSIN.*

Louis Brassin, known in the world of music as a distinguished pianist, died suddenly, on the 18th of May, in St Petersburg. He has been called away in the full prime of his powers. He had promised his co-operation in the Jubilee Festival of the General Musical Association of Germany, which has just ended at Weimar, and also in the Seventh Silesian Musical Festival, which begins on the 15th of June at Breslau, the organizers being at the last moment compelled to look for a substitute.

Louis Brassin came of a musical family. His father was, in his day, a well-known Belgian baritone; his second brother, Leopold, became Ducal pianist at Coburg, and then teacher at the School of Music, Berne; while his youngest brother, Gerhard, has made a name as a violin virtuoso. Louis was born on the 24th June, 1840, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and entered the Leipsic Conservatory, where, principally under the direction of Ignaz Moscheles, he grew to be an eminent pianist. He gained his great reputation chiefly by the concert-tour in which, under the guidance of the *impresario*, Ullmann, he accompanied Carlotta Patti, and the violoncellist, de Munck—now her husband—in various countries. Having, however, but little liking for this unsettled kind of life, he embraced an opportunity which presented itself and accepted the post of pianoforte-teacher in Stern's Conservatory, Berlin. But this not being what he expected, he threw it up at the expiration of a year. He then went to live at a little place on the Rhine, and, not being offered another public post for several years, used to pay occasional visits to Paris, as well as to the large towns of Belgium and the Netherlands, where his talent as a virtuoso found general recognition. After the lapse of three years he accepted the appointment of professor of the pianoforte in the Conservatory, Brussels. He there found a sphere of action thoroughly consonant with his inclinations, and for ten years devoted all his energies to the duties of his post, forming a number of excellent pupils, who take a justifiable pride in having studied under him. In 1879 Brassin was invited to fill a similar post at St Petersburg, and, as there his sphere of action promised to be much larger, he accepted the offer, and speedily won for himself a position in the Russian capital. Only last year he married a lady belonging to a noble Russian family, and now death has snatched him away, in the midst of his vigorous labours and on the threshold of a bright future.

As a composer for his instrument, Brassin published only a little, but all that little was excellent. His *Etudes* and his *Paraphrases* of pieces from Wagner's musical dramas are well known. As a virtuoso, Brassin was one of the few capable of playing in every style, from Bach and Beethoven to Chopin and Liszt, and we may truly say that in him we have lost another eminent artist.

[We all remember his pianoforte concerto, performed some years ago by Mr Hartwigson, at the Crystal Palace.—Dr Blügel.]

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

BREMEN.—Among the novelties shortly to be produced by Herr Angelo Neumann at the Stadttheater is an opera entitled *Dido und Aeneas*, with music by Dr Otto Neitzel, formerly a pupil at Kullak's School in Berlin, and now professor of the pianoforte at the Conservatory of Music, Moscow.

COBLENZ.—On his return from England, Dr Hans von Bülow gave a "Beethoven and Brahms Evening," for which the Empress of Germany took a considerable number of tickets, which she presented to members of her suite. In November the Doctor intends making an Austro-Hungarian concert tour, with the Meiningen Orchestra.

DRESDEN.—Dr Wülner has accepted the post of Town Conductor, Cologne, vacant by the resignation of Dr Ferdinand von Hiller. His stipulation that he shall have five days' annual leave, to conduct five concerts of the Philharmonic Society, Berlin, has been granted by the Corporation of Cologne.

BRESLAU.—The following are the solo-artists engaged for the Silesian Musical Festival here on the 15th, 16th, and 17th inst.: soprano, Mme Bertha Pierson-Bréthol, Milan; contralto, Mdle Hermine Spies, Wiesbaden; tenor, Herr Carl Dierich, Weimar;

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

baritone, Herr Franz Betz, Berlin; and violin, Professor de Ahna, Berlin. As pianist a substitute will have to be found for Herr Louis Brassin, whose services had been secured, but who died suddenly a short time since in St Petersburg. The conductors will be Dr Julius Schäfer, of this place, and Herr Ludwig Deppe, of Berlin. As regards the orchestra, very few performers will have to be engaged from other places, as there is no lack of instrumental resources here. Breslau boasts of three excellent bands: the band at the Stadttheater, that of the Orchestral Association, at present under the direction of Max Bruch, and that of the Concerthaus, under the direction of Herr R. Trautmann.

BONN.—Fifty choral associations, many occupying a high position in public estimation, have signified their intention of taking part in the vocal competition to be held here from the 9th to the 12th August. The first day will be devoted to the Reception and Welcome of the Visitors (*Begrüssung der Gäste*); and the last to an excursion on the Rhine as far as the Siebengebirge. The competition in singing will take place on the second and third days. On the third there will be, also, a grand procession. A chorus by Brambach to Goethe's poem, "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," has been selected as the chorus to be sung by the competing associations.

VIENNA.—At a recent meeting of the Mozart Monument Committee, it was officially stated that the sum collected up to the present is 50,000 florins. As the estimated cost of the Monument comes to twice as much, it was resolved to appeal to the public generally, including foreign nations, who, it is confidently expected, will freely respond. Prizes of 3,000, 2,000 and 1,000 florins are to be offered respectively for the best three designs, but with the proviso that the total cost of the Monument shall not exceed 100,000 florins.—At the concert of the pupils of the conservatoire on Wednesday, May 11th, the programme consisted of Variations for two Pianos by Schumann (Mdles Filas and Zeisler); *Ich grolle nicht*, by Widmung. Songs by Schumann (Mdle de Chavanne); Violin Concerto by Dvorak (Herr Moldauer); Sonata for pianoforte, in B minor, by Chopin (Herr Paoli); *Aria from Lucrezia Borgia* (Mdle Tenner); "Clouds and Sunshine," for harp solo by C. Oberthür (Mdle Bendl); Polonaise for violin in D major by Wieniawski, (Herr Borach); *Aria of the Page* from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* (Mdle Rimler); Last movement of Pianoforte Concerto in F minor by Chopin (Mdle Rothmaier); Duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mdles Premelie and Jockel).

COBURG-GOTHA.—The Chamber voted an annual grant of 21,000 marks for the Ducal Theatre, on condition that the operatic company should still be maintained, and that from the 1st January next the performances should take place in Gotha and not Coburg. The Government motion that the Duchy should contribute 30,000 marks a year, and that the annual sum of 18,000 marks hitherto paid out of the "Domänenkasse" should be discontinued, was, on the contrary, rejected.

"WILHELM VON LENZ."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Great are the responsibilities of Editors! Wilhelm von Lenz died in a hospital for incurables at St Petersburg as long ago as January 31, 1883, and the fact was duly chronicled by obituary notices of some length in your own journal, *The Athenæum*, *The Musical Times*, *Musical Review*, and other papers. The report was never contradicted. Now, a few weeks ago, some misguided member of your staff inserts a brief paragraph once more announcing his death as a recent event! Forthwith we have a fresh crop of notices, with remarks more or less critical, on his perhaps unfortunate hobby of the "Three Styles" of Beethoven. You see I "take notes" of what transpires in the musical world (not yours only); if Editors did the same they would not so easily fall into the traps thus inadvertently (?) laid. As a further proof of how "history" is made, I may call attention to the fact that there is already a discrepancy in dates regarding so recent an event as the death of Sir Michael Costa. *The Musical Times* for this month gives the date as April 28, and another paper does the same; other accounts say April 29. All I know is that I was in a newspaper office on the evening of Tuesday, April 29, when the telegram arrived with the fatal news. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

STEPHEN S. STRATTON.

Birmingham, June 3, 1884.

Francisque Sarcey, dramatic critic of the *Paris Temps*, has announced that, having to undergo an operation for cataract, he shall, for some little time, discontinue his journalistic duties.

Sig. Merelli, the well-known *impresario*, is engaged to Mdle Bianca Bianchi, who is said to have stipulated that, when he is her husband, he shall have no more to do with managerial enterprises.

MARRIAGE.

On the 2nd June, at St Paul's Church, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, ALBERTO RANDEGGER to ADELIN MARIA ELIZABETH, daughter of FRIEDRICH AUGUST DE LEUW, of Düsseldorf.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

A LETTER FROM RICHARD WAGNER.

(Concluded from page 342.)

In presence of the utter impotence of the management where this powerful club was concerned, and the evident fear of the Minister of State himself, I did not consider I was justified in any longer exposing the faithful interpreters of my work to the vile agitation to which they were unscrupulously abandoned, of course in the hope they would be compelled to beat a retreat. I informed the management that I withdrew my opera, and that, if I consented to a third performance, it was only on condition that it should take place on a Sunday, that is, on a non-subscription night, and consequently under circumstances not calculated to attract the subscribers, while on the contrary the public, properly so called, might entirely fill the house. My wish to see the performance announced in the bills as the *last* was met by a plea in bar; I had no resource left me but myself to inform the persons of my acquaintance that the work would not be played afterwards.

These precautionary measures did not suffice to dissipate the fears of the Jockey Club; on the contrary, the members thought they perceived in the Sunday performance an audacious demonstration, menacing to their interests; after that, they argued, if once given with uncontested success, and received into the repertory, the execrated work might easily be imposed on them by main force. No one dared to believe I was speaking sincerely when I said that, in the case of such a success, I should be only the more resolved on withdrawing the score. These gentlemen renounced, on the evening in question, their other amusements; thoroughly equipped for their purpose, they came down again to the Opera, and renewed the scenes of the second night.

This time the exasperation of the public, on finding they were to be utterly prevented from following the performance, attained, I was assured, proportions previously unknown; it seems that, save for the inviolability of their position, the worthy rioters would not have escaped rough treatment, and even blows. I dare say frankly and openly: stupefied as I was by the outrageous course pursued by these gentlemen, I was quite as much moved and touched by the heroic efforts of the public, properly so called, to make amends for this denial of justice to me; never was I further from entertaining the slightest doubt of the Parisian public, the moment they find themselves on neutral ground of their own.

The withdrawal, thenceforth official, of my work, has placed the manager of the Opera in a position of great and real embarrassment. He cries out upon the house-tops that, in my *Tannhäuser* business, he sees, not a failure, but a very great success; that he interrogates his memory in vain, for never, he thinks, have the public ever been known to espouse so warmly and passionately the cause of a contested work. He believes that *Tannhäuser* will bring in splendid receipts, for all places are booked in advance for several performances. He is informed of the increasing exasperation of the public at seeing themselves prevented, by an infinitesimal majority, of the pleasure they might derive from quietly hearing and forming their opinion of a work about which a great deal has been said.

On my side I learn that the Emperor remains perfectly faithful and well-disposed to my cause; that the Empress is kind enough to take my opera under her protection, and demand that measures shall be adopted to prevent the occurrence of fresh disorders. At this very moment, a protest against the disgraceful events at the

Opera, addressed to the Minister of State, is being circulated among the musicians, painters, artists, and literary men of Paris; I am informed it is being covered with signatures. Under the circumstances, it may seem that I might easily feel encouraged to authorise the further performance of my opera. But an important consideration of art hinders me from doing so.

Up to now I have not been able to obtain for my work a calm and collected hearing; the peculiar conditions, indispensable for understanding what I wanted to do, for entering into a state of mind unfamiliar to the usual opera-audience and by which the collective effect, the unity of a work is grasped, these conditions, I say, have not yet been realized for my auditors; up to the present, the latter have been able, on the contrary, to fix only on brilliant episodes easy of comprehension, quite outside the general subject, and placed where they are simply as a frame to the picture; my auditors have had to restrict themselves to remarking these pages and greeting them with marks of warm sympathy. Admitting I were now to obtain this peaceful and collected hearing for my opera, I should fear none the less what I have already remarked as to the character of its execution here; that execution was destitute, at bottom, of vigour and spirit, a fact which did not escape the notice of any of those who are familiar with my work; as for me, I was forbidden to intervene personally and stimulate this weakness; I should be afraid, consequently, that it would gradually become evident and manifest, so that I have given up all hope of witnessing this time the solid and not purely superficial success of my work.

May, therefore, all the shortcomings of the execution remain, for the present, indulgently veiled by the dust of the three nights of combat! May more than one person, after cruelly deceiving the hopes I had founded on him, retire, this time, from the struggle, with the conviction of having succumbed in a good cause and for love of that cause!

Let the Paris *Tannhäuser* have finished, therefore, for the time, its career! If the earnest wish of friends of my art were to be accomplished, if the project seriously entertained at the present date by persons of great experience, who aim at nothing less than the very speedy establishment of a new operatic theatre to carry out the reforms in which even here I have taken the initiative, were destined to be put into execution, you might, perhaps, once more hear something, even from Paris, about *Tannhäuser*.

As for what has now taken place in Paris with reference to my work, be assured that this account is in accordance with the absolute and entire truth; in short, let this serve you as guarantee: it is impossible for me to be contented with appearances in a case where the dearest wish of my heart is unfulfilled; my desires will never be satisfied till I am conscious of having produced a frank and clear impression.

MR HENRY IRVING has become a Life Governor of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, by giving a donation of twenty guineas towards the funds, on behalf of which the Shakspearean Show was recently held.

MR ALBERTO RANDEGGER, the accomplished composer, conductor, and professor of singing, was married on Monday last, at St Paul's Church, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, to Adeline Maria Elizabeth, daughter of Friedrich August de Leuw, of Düsseldorf.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the "Verwandlung's Musik" and closing scene from the first act of *Parsifal* were not performed on Thursday night, the introduction to *Tristan und Isolde* and Isolde's death song being played instead. The unforeseen circumstances alluded to are supposed to be a difficulty experienced in supplying the want of certain bells.

BAYREUTH.—On the 22nd of May, Richard Wagner's birthday, Herr Gross, *Commerzienrath* here, received from some person unknown money for the purchase of a thousand tickets for the first *Parsifal* Performances, with a notification that the tickets are to be distributed by the Central Committee of the General Richard Wagner Association in Munich. Additional trains for the *Parsifal* Performances will run from Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Mannheim, Breslau, Carlsruhe, and Prague. The fares by the trains from Berlin on the 21st, 23rd, and 25th July, are so low that a second-class return ticket, available for a week and admitting the holder to the Performances, will cost only about thirty-six marks.

CONCERTS.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—It was natural and right that a repetition of Brahms' new symphony should be requested by those who had not heard it at all, and more particularly, perhaps, by those who had heard it once. The first class yielded to curiosity; the second to a feeling of incompleteness in themselves. True, the work is no riddle to be solved by the persevering, or given up by the idle. It speaks plainly enough, but the accent, after all, is peculiar, and some of the ideas, if not new, are strange in their association. Thus it is with all good things of the kind. Besides giving pleasure to the sense, they excite in the mind the satisfaction which springs from, so to speak, focussing an object just brought into the field of view. Seldom is the focus obtained all at once, and when that happens the object is yet more rarely worth looking at. We assume that a second performance of Brahms' symphony worked no radical change in the impression made by the first. The nature of the music is our warrant, for mists do not hang about it to obscure or distort outlines to the unaccustomed eye. Repetition simply served for confirmation and assurance; doing this most efficaciously as regards the opinion, first, that Brahms' symphony in F is not his greatest; second, that it will undoubtedly become his most popular. Herr Richter again gave a clear and masterly exposition of the work. The Wagner selections at this concert were the very familiar introduction and closing scene from *Tristan und Isolde*, and the pretty trio sung by the Rhine Daughters in *Götterdämmerung*, the vocal parts in the last named being entrusted to Mrs Hutchinson, Mdle Friedländer, and Miss Damian. Weber's fine overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*, opened the concert, which had as a yet more prominent feature Beethoven's violin concerto, solo by Herr Hugo Heermann. This artist was quite successful in putting himself on good terms with the audience, who loudly applauded an intelligent reading of the music and a degree of manipulative skill that would better have deserved honour had it secured in every passage perfect intonation.—The seventh concert of the present series took place in St James's Hall on Thursday evening, and attracted a considerable, though not a crowded audience. A single novelty did its best to give the programme particular interest. This was Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody in D"—third of its kind from the pen of the pianoforte virtuoso, and one which, according to an official assurance, had never before been heard in England. A string of gipsy melodies, no matter how cleverly strung together and set off with orchestral device, cannot have much artistic importance; but Herr Richter's patrons like such things, and, even if they were indifferent, there is a certain satisfaction in seeing Liszt engaged upon work lying within his means. Besides, these pieces are honestly called "rhapsodies," no attempt being made at fitting them with a theory adapted to pass off upon the credulous amateur as high-class art that which has very few real pretensions to be art at all. From the gipsy tunes, with their clever meretricious surroundings, to the bulk of the programme was a far cry. Beethoven's *Leonora* overture stands ten thousand leagues from any Rhapsody whatever, and with that undying masterpiece were given the now well-worn selection from Wagner's *Tristan*, two operatic airs by Mozart and Weber respectively, and the Fantastic Symphony of Berlioz, in which that strange, ill-regulated genius has so powerfully depicted an episode in the life of an artist. No one can approach the work in question without a sense of fascination. Its wild and gloomy story, its daring realism, now impressive, now grotesque, now repulsive; its frequent beauty, and an occasional desolateness that steep the hearer in profound melancholy—all these qualities hold imagination and sense enthralled. The Fantastic Symphony will not, it is true, bear calm inspection. The mock thunder of the *Scène aux Champs* is puerile, and the picture of the Witches' Sabbath amounts to a prostitution of the resources of musical art. Yet there is in the earlier movements so much to worship—so much which no other man could have written, and, being written, justifies, nay, glorifies its author—that all accompanying offences are condoned. Herr Richter gave his attentive audience the benefit of a very fine rendering. The orchestra, indeed, has rarely been heard to greater advantage, while the acceptance of the effort was made more cordial by the fact that Berlioz received justice at the hands of a Wagnerian conductor, whose master once railed at the gifted Frenchman, charging him with lying buried amid the ruins of machines constructed by himself for the hopeless purpose of emulating Beethoven.—*D. T.*

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Other features in the concert at which the "Welsh" Symphony was produced comprised Mendelssohn's overture to *Melusina* and Chopin's wearisome, Concerto in E minor for pianoforte—a succession of mere "passages," which only the charm and the ability of Mme Essipoff could recommend. Chopin should have kept to his *pièces de salon*. He was never himself away from the shimmer of satin, the gleam of jewels, and the odour

of the perfumer. A second Concerto in the programme was one in F sharp minor for double-bass, composed and performed by Signor Bottesini, to whom, as to a great virtuoso and old favourite, the audience gave an enthusiastic reception. The Italian artist does wonders with as much ease as ever, and carries his unwieldy instrument into the heights of the violin scale as though it were a toy. He received—and earned—tremendous applause, the audience recalling him three times after the Concerto, and then insisting on something more. A set of variations on an air by Paisiello was thus wrung from the necessarily fatigued performer. The vocalists—Mme Valleria and Mr Maas—gave the utmost satisfaction. Mme Valleria, whose voice is now better than ever, sang with genuine taste and pure expression Spohr's "Bird and the Maiden" (clarinet *obbligato*, Mr Clinton), obtaining a hearty recall; Mr Maas being equally fortunate with the now hackneyed "Preislied" from the *Meistersinger*. Finally the two artists joined in the charming duet for Micaela and Don José (*Carmen*). They admirably represented the vocal art of English-speaking people. Weber's *Jubilee* overture brought the concert and the season to an end.

MISS EUGENIE KEMBLE'S concert was given at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, May 26th. The singers were Misses Agnes Larkcom, Henden-Warde, Mary M'Clean, Marian McKenzie, and Mme Julie Pelletier; Messrs Redfern Hollins, John Probert, Bicknell-Young, Traherne, Cecil, and Signor Villa; and the instrumentalists, Miss Harriett Sasse (pianoforte), Miss Ida Audain (harp), and Herr Poznanski (violin). Miss Eugenie Kemble had the excellent taste to select for her *entrée* Mozart's duet, "La ci darem la mano" (*Don Giovanni*), having for coadjutor Signor Villa. Both artists acquitted themselves admirably, and the audience evidently would have been much pleased to have heard the duet again. Miss Kemble afterwards contributed Donizetti's *cavatina*, "In questo semplice" (*Betty*), in which her agreeable voice and excellent method of production were prominently brought forward. Subsequently Miss Kemble gave F. Moir's song, "Making hay," and gave it with so much *esprit* that she was compelled to return to the platform and repeat it. The last piece in the programme was Boito's duet, "La luna immobile" (*Mefistofele*), assigned to Miss Henden-Warde and the fair concert-giver. Miss Eugenie Kemble must be congratulated on her success both as artist and *entrepreneur*. The artists who assisted were all more or less favourably received, especially Miss Marian McKenzie, who had to repeat Mme Sainton-Dolby's song, "Out on the rocks," and was greatly applauded after Dr Arne's "When daisies pied and violets blue"; Signor Villa, who gave Herr Poznanski's "All for thee," the violin *obbligato* part being played *con amore* by the accomplished composer, who had previously given Prume's violin solo, "La Melancolie," with genuine feeling; and Mr Redfern Hollins, whose rendering of Reichardt's popular *Lied*, "Thou art so near," was remarkably good. The accompanists were Messrs Randegger, Li Calsi, W. Henry Thomas, G. Sibley, and Wilhelm Ganz.

A CONCERT was given at Kilburn Town Hall on Thursday evening, May 22nd, in aid of St Monica's "Home for Crippled Children," when a large audience assembled. The programme was unavoidably altered, owing to the indisposition of Miss Clara Samuelli and Mr Henry Bailey, but Miss Samuelli's sister, an amateur with a very pleasing voice, kindly "represented her" and gave two songs, "My dearest Heart" (Sullivan), for which she was recalled, and "The Miller and the Maid," (encored, and "A Summer Shower" substituted.) Mr Levetus sang "The Anchor's Weighed," in addition to his announced songs, and joined Miss Adele Myers in Lucantoni's duet "Una notte a Venezia" (encored.) Mrs Leopold Farmer, being encored in "The Raft" (Pinsuti), sang "Home, sweet home." Miss Esther Barnett, a talented young pianist, (Exhibitioner, Guildhall School of Music) received much applause and was called upon to repeat two of her solos. Mr George Gear played with great success Mr Ignace Gibbons's charming "Sächsisches Lied" (Op. 88,) and his own spirited Rondo Brillante, "La Gioja." The evening concluded with a performance of an amusing Operetta by Mr Arthur Law, with appropriate music by Mr George Grosmith, entitled *A Peculiar Case*, in which the characters were ably sustained by Miss Adele Myers, Mr Conrad Davis, and Mr Louis Davis. The accompanists were Miss M. S. Morgan, Miss Cecile Hartog, and Mr George Gear, the last named artist's services being of special value in the operetta.

FLORAL HALL.—The concert given in this building on Saturday, May 31st, was worthy of the appellation "grand," for the artists engaged were leading singers of the Royal Italian Opera. Notwithstanding that instrumental music occupies so much of the attention of amateurs, the best examples of the vocal art which the world can supply find anything but a scanty appreciation. Fears are often expressed that singing as a fine art is passing away. But human nature must change in one of its essential characteristics before the voice of man and woman can be numbered amongst the things no

longer possessing the power of moving the heart. Therefore, no concern need be entertained as to the ultimate fate of vocalism, relying as it does, not upon the shifting caprice of fashion, but upon the sure instincts of humanity. True, at the present day, the public has not such fine examples of the singer's art as that which delighted the last generation, yet the faculty of melody will return as sure as the singing of birds follows the dreariness of winter. That it has not quite left us was manifest in Mozart's "Dove Sono," and Handel's "Angels, ever bright and fair," sung by Mdme Albani. Rarely has this accomplished lady more triumphantly asserted her artistic pre-eminence than in these two noble melodies. They were absolutely perfect, at least so thought the audience, who would not be content until their favourite *prima donna* had returned to the platform to satisfy their cravings for more. Nor was Mdme Albani left alone as the only representative of what is now called the decaying art, for Mdme Sembrich sang Bellini's "Qui la voce" in a style that reminded elderly opera-goers of the palmy days of their youth. There was an equal charm of voice, of spontaneity, ease, accuracy, and finish which marked a period so recent as to leave many delightful echoes vibrating in the neighbourhood of "the Garden." When recalled, this skilful lady accompanied herself upon the pianoforte, no great feat it may be said. Yet if anyone has a doubt of her ingenuity, let him attend the Albert Hall to-day (Saturday), and he will hear her play solos on the violin, not like an amateur, but with all the freedom of a professor of that difficult instrument. The other artists who took part in the Floral Hall concert were Mdme Laterner, Mdme Tremelli, Mdme Regiani, Signori Gottschalk, Cotogni, Mierzewski, Devoyod, and Soulaacroix. Monsieur Léonard Bach played solos on the pianoforte.—H. S.

MR WM. COATES gave his annual concert on Monday evening, May 26th, in the banqueting room of St James's Hall. A large audience responded to his invitation, and evinced by hearty applause the enjoyment they experienced. To achieve this desirable result, Mr Coates exercised good taste in the selection of the music announced in the programme, as well as discretion in the choice of artists for its performance. Few singers have such judgment as Mr Coates evinces in the choice of ballads for the revelation of his special gifts and acquirements. In Loder's "The old house at home," and such like ditties, he hands down the traditions of a school of ballad singing that has but few exponents at the present time. The necessities of this age compel singers to short, simple ballads, for they have to be told perhaps to thousands crowding some enormous area; whereas formerly they were addressed to comparatively a limited audience, and effects were then made by means which are now utterly inadequate. Tenderness and delicacy are replaced by power and vigour. Mr Coates made the fact manifest that the true charm of ballads lies in enunciating words without breaking the musical phrases. How agreeable such a method is was shown in the signs of approval which greeted all the efforts of the concert-giver. Miss Clara Samuël delighted the audience by a characteristic rendering of Behrend's "If this could be;" and Miss Hilda Coward's pretty voice and charming talent were exhibited in a romanza by Papine. The other vocalists were Miss Annie Butterworth, Miss Joyce Maas, Miss Florence New; Messrs Walter Coward, Fred. Bevan, and Wm. Franklin Clive. Miss Adeline Dinelli played some violin solos with considerable ability, and secured thereby the high approval of an audience more than ordinarily sensitive to musical merits. The conductors were Mr J. Tule Lee and Mr Charles Marshall.—H. S.

MDME DE VIGNOLE gave a concert on Tuesday evening, May 27, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, varying the musical programme by reciting in French, with characteristic sentiment, some agreeable pieces by French authors, including "L'Epave," by François Coppée, and an amusing "Comédie en un acte," *L'Entresol*, by Gastineau, obtaining deserved and hearty applause at the conclusion of each. The singers were Mdme Badia, Miss Hockheimer, Signors Parisotti and Rizzelli; the instrumentalist was Signor di Giambattista, an Italian pianist of remarkable attainments. Mdme Badia's contributions were listened to with genuine pleasure, the accomplished young vocalist singing with extraordinary facility the elaborate aria from Rossini's *La Giza Ladra*, "Di piacer mi balza il cor," and with genuine sentiment a melody by her father, "Fate la Carita," as well as a canzonetta, "Il Nido," with which she created an immense sensation. Mdme Badia subsequently gave, with Signor Parisotti, the duet from Verdi's *La Traviata*, "Parigi o cara," obtaining hearty and prolonged applause. The other lady singer was Miss Hockheimer, a highly promising young artist, who gave with genuine pathos Pissuti's "Dream of Peace," and afterwards joined Signor Parisotti in Badia's *duettino*, "Non domandar." Signor Parisotti, the possessor of a tenor voice of charming quality, and who sings with expressive taste, gave a melody by Badia, "Com'era bella," and two songs by the same

talented composer, "O love, return," and "A Ninetta Chitarrata," which delighted the audience beyond measure. Signor Rizzelli sang in his well-known artistic style Halévy's romance from *L'Eclair*, "Quand la Nuit," a melody from Boito's *Mefistofele* ("Dai Campi"), and "M'appari tutt' amour," from Flotow's *Martha*. Signor Badia accompanied the songs in a way that greatly enhanced their effect.

THE Drill Hall, Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road, was filled with a large and select audience on Wednesday evening, May 21st, to hear a concert by Mdme Frances Brooke's concert party, in conjunction with Mdme Alice Barth's operetta party, the whole being under the direction of Mr John Cross. Mr Joseph Lynde opened the concert with Hutchinson's "Sooner or Later"; Miss Clara Myers sang "My Bonnie Boy" and Moir's "Good-bye, Sweet Rose"; Mr John Cross gave (by desire) "The Death of Nelson" in a very able manner; Mdme Frances Brooke sang charmingly throughout the evening, and was enthusiastically received; Miss Ellis Walton sang Carter's "Not for ever" and a duet, with Mr Cross, "Il Convegno" (encored). One of the features of the evening was a new song by J. M. Ennis, entitled "Beautiful Maiden with Tresses like Sunshine," composed especially for Mr Cross, who sang it for the first time, accompanied by the composer, with such a satisfactory result that Mr Ennis had to bow his acknowledgments after an enthusiastic "call." A word of praise is due to Miss Clara Titterton for her extremely clever violin solo. Recitations were given by Mr Ernest Wright. The second part consisted of Mr Corder's operetta, *A Storm in a Tea-Cup*, by the Alice Barth Opera Company. Lady Sylvia Pheasant was represented by Mdme Alice Barth; Maggie Pie (her maid), by Miss Eva Lynn; Waters (steward of the Sea Gull), by Mr W. H. Frye; Sir Harry Fairweather (captain of the Sea Gull), by Mr Lewis; and Ernest Gale (afterwards Signor Ernesto, a romantic pirate), by Mr John Cross. All the characters were well played.

TOTTENHAM.—Mr Farmer's *Christ and His Soldiers* was given in the High Cross Congregational Church on Thursday evening, May 29, under the direction of Mr H. J. Harrison. The solo vocalists were Mdme Clara West, Miss Alice Woodruffe, Miss Lottie West, Mr Arthur Weston, and Mr Fred S. Oram, each of whom were highly successful. Mr C. J. Wood presided at the pianoforte, and Mr E. Wood at the organ. The choir acquitted themselves well, and there was a numerous and appreciative audience.

PROVINCIAL.

READING.—The members of the Berkshire Amateur Musical Society, with some professional assistance, gave a concert on Wednesday morning, May 28th, at the Old Town Hall, before a large and fashionable audience. The first part consisted of Schumann's cantata, *The Pilgrimage of the Rose*. Mr John Francis Barnett, the eminent composer, kindly acted as conductor, and under his skilful direction the large chorus sang really well, good time being kept throughout. The solos were taken by Mdme Adeline Paget, Miss K. Bennett, Miss Laura Walter, Mr Tapley, the Rev. Canon Hall and Major Carter, who all acquitted themselves well. Miss Heathfield presided with much ability at the pianoforte. At the close of the cantata Mr Barnett played in magnificent style a pianoforte fantasia, for which he was enthusiastically encored; he did not, however, play again. The second part opened with Mr Barnett's new Whitsuntide anthem "Come, Thou Holy Spirit," a work of exceeding dignity and beauty, which should, and no doubt will, become one of the best known compositions of its class extant. It went steadily and well, and was most favourably received. Next came a trio for three violins (capriccio by Hermann) which was very finely rendered by Herr Rosenthal (one of the violin masters of the Royal Berks Academy of Music) and two of his pupils—Miss Venables and Mr Phelps—members of the Academy, whose performances reflected the greatest credit both on professor and pupils. Mdme Adeline Paget sang "Ouvrez la Porte" (Dessauer) in good style; and Herr Rosenthal followed with *Vieux-temps* "Reverie," which was heartily encored, and repeated. Mr A. Chenery then sang "Love's Message," (Fesca) and the concert closed with the "Summer Song" by Walter Macfarren.

IPSWICH.—The morning and evening concerts announced by Mr Edwin Nunn, F.C.O., were given at the Public Hall on Wednesday, May 28, and probably none—says *The Journal*—have been more successful than those under notice. The programmes were of unusual excellence, whilst the performances throughout were of a high order. In securing the services of Mons. Jules Lasserre, Mr Henry Lazarus, and Mr Harvey Löhr, Mr Nunn certainly acted, as the sequel proved, with wisdom. The violoncello solos of the former, and the clarinet and pianoforte performances of the latter

two gentlemen, were generally admired. With the assistance of Miss Annie Lea and Miss Gertrude Nunn, Mr Nunn's programme was still more complete, whilst the chorus was an exceptionally powerful one, consisting as it did of a large number of ladies and gentlemen of the conductor's classes, not only of Ipswich but of other places in the neighbourhood. The concert began with Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello, Op. 14, No. 2, by Mr Edwin Nunn (pianoforte), Mr H. Lazarus (clarinet), and Mons. Lasserre (violoncello). Criticism is unnecessary, inasmuch as the names of the executants are in themselves sufficient indication of the artistic excellence of the performance. Miss Gertrude Nunn was very successful with Donizetti's "Io non ti posso offrir," and Miss Annie Lea concluded the first part of the programme with a graceful rendering of Macfarren's "Pack clouds away" (clarinet obligato Mr Lazarus). The evening concert opened with Beethoven's trio, Op. 11, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello, the executants being Mr Harvey Lohr (pianoforte), Mr H. Lazarus (clarinet), and Mons. Lasserre (violoncello). As at the morning concert, the two last-named gentlemen proved themselves excellent artists, and Mr Lohr's rendering of the pianoforte part was especially good, which added greatly to the effect of the trio. Mr Lazarus opened part II. with Mohr's clarinet solo, "Air Varié," which he played in perfection; to the encore which he received he duly responded. Subsequently Leslie's duet, "The Fan," was charmingly rendered by Miss Lea and Miss G. Nunn. With Macfarren's "Summer Song" the contributions of the chorus terminated, and the programme was brought to a close by Miss G. Nunn, who gave with effect Sullivan's "Sleep, my love, sleep" (violoncello obligato, Mons. Lasserre).

TAUNTON.—The first concert of the year in connection with the Taunton Philharmonic Association was held at the London Hotel Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening, May 29, and was well attended. The *pièce de résistance* was the late Henry Smart's dramatic and picturesque cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerron*. The cantata is a very fair example of Smart's style. The instrumentation throughout is effective, and cleverly constructed, and the chorus work, being for the most part independent of the orchestral accompaniment, is more difficult than that which has been recently taken in hand by the society. The miscellaneous portion of the programme was well selected. With characteristic loyalty to English art, Mr Dudeney chose some of the best music of English composers, as well as compositions by Weber, Mozart, and Handel. Opening with the overture to *Chevy Chase*, by Dr Macfarren, our representative English musician, the programme closed with Sterndale Bennett's overture to the *Wood Nymph*. The three soloists in the cantata contributed each a song, and Mrs Cay and Mr Clinch joined in the duet "Good and true," the composition of the talented conductor of the association. The following is the programme of the concert:—

PART I.—Overture to *Chery Chase* (dedicated to J. W. Davison) (the Orchestra)—G. A. Macfarren; Recitative and Air, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight" (*Oberon*) (Mr W. Clinch)—C. M. von Weber; Part-song, "Come, live with me" (the Chorus)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Recitative and Air, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" (*Idomeneo*) (Mrs Cay)—W. A. Mozart; Vocal Duet, "Good and true" (with orchestral accompaniment) (Mrs Cay and Mr W. Clinch)—T. J. Dudeney; Recitative and Air, "O ruddier than the cherry" (*Acis and Galatea*) (Dr Roper)—G. F. Handel; Overture to *Die Waldnymph*, Op. 20 (the Orchestra)—W. Sterndale Bennett. PART II.—Dramatic Cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerron* (for Solo Voices, Chorus, and Orchestra)—Henry Smart—Characters: The Sea Maiden—Mrs Cay; The Lord of Dunkerron—Mr W. Clinch; The Sea King—Dr Roper.

To the soloists we can give unqualified praise. Their work was conscientiously and ably performed. The chorus of storm spirits, "Oh, storm king, hear us," was given with considerable energy, the unison parts being specially good; we think, however, that the ladies carried away the honours of the evening in the next chorus, "Hail to thee, child of the earth," which was charmingly rendered; but little inferior to it was the air, "Our home shall be on this bright isle," with chorus for female voices. The cantata was conducted by Mr T. J. Dudeney *con amore*, and with remarkable ability.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

At the recent sale of Messrs Hutchings & Romer, music publishers, on their dissolution of partnership, amongst other valuable works which were sold by auction was John Francis Barnett's celebrated cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, composed for the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1876. So great was the success of this popular work on its first production that it has continued ever since to be performed throughout the United Kingdom and abroad with the most marked approval. The cantata was bought at the sale before mentioned for the large sum of £1,250 by Messrs Novello & Co., Berners Street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first appearance of Mdme Albani in a character so interesting and important as that of Juliet naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and was the most prominent operatic event of the past week. Theretofore the part had belonged exclusively to Mdme Adeline Patti, by whom it was "created" in this country, and who had achieved in it some of her most conspicuous successes. Under conditions like these Mdme Albani challenged a formidable comparison, the more to be feared because of the special qualifications which enabled Mdme Patti to place before the eye an almost ideal portrait of Capulet's daughter. In the matter just referred to rivalry was hopeless, and the success of Mdme Albani's venture consequently depended upon the completeness of her art. It is gratifying to state that the new operatic Juliet was in many important respects her own justification. That the embodiment attained completeness—that it put before us, finished to the last touch, a counterfeit of the young Italian maiden—cannot be said. This, however, was hardly Mdme Albani's fault. The gifted and earnest artist did everything possible to her high endowments, and in the fulness of that which was supplied made us forget what was lacking. One merit deserves special notice. Mdme Albani had obviously studied the character with an earnest eye to its dramatic completeness, and her attempt to realize the ideal she had formed was made without that obtrusive consciousness of the presence of an audience which is the besetting sin of operatic players. The artist in question is no more free than others from a consciousness that extends over the footlights and embraces the whole house when it should be wholly absorbed by the business of the stage. Indeed, it is difficult to see how an artist reared amid the traditions of Italian opera can avoid falling into this particular error. In her Juliet, however, Mdme Albani rose to some extent above the standard of tradition, and played her part as though she were Juliet herself, not as one who consciously imitates and looks round for applause. It was much to be desired that Mdme Albani should have carried the same improvement into her singing, and avoided a style of performance that occasionally seemed to aim rather at the display of meritorious qualities in herself than at a carrying out of the composer's intentions. Let no one think that the matters just touched upon are unimportant. If opera is to survive amongst us at a time when the purely dramatic stage is raising so high, those who are responsible for its welfare must remember that it is a form of drama, and not a machinery for the presentation of vocal performances amid spectacular surroundings. The merits of Mdme Albani's assumption were well marked—those, above all, which combined to represent with striking force the progress and end of Juliet's unhappy love. There was no lack of ardour in the earlier scenes, nor of the refinement and delicacy which are needful to chasten the impression that the maid is ready to go more than half way to meet the man. Mdme Albani was thus very successful in securing the just balance of character, and in winning sympathy for an affection at once passionate and innocent. In the gloomier situations of the tragedy she did equally well, aptly conveying—by look, gesture, and tone—Juliet's dread of the potion tendered by Friar Laurence, and rising in the final catastrophe to the genuine passion and power of tragic acting. Mdme Albani's happiest moment came, however, with the close of the chamber scene. Here the fervour of her acting, heightened by intense delivery of the music, satisfied all requirements, and called into use the standard by which we measure greatness. Of her success with the audience there could be no more doubt than of the fact that she deserved it. Signor Marconi, whose great usefulness is winning respect on all hands, appeared to special advantage as Romeo. He presented the Italian gentleman to the eye, and bore himself with propriety in all he had to do; while his rendering of much of the music appealed strongly to admiration. Signor de Reszke was an excellent Friar, and Signor Devoyod a no less acceptable Capulet. On the other hand, Signor Cotogni (Mercutio) showed a marked falling off; his "Queen Mab" song, which used to "bring down the house," passing almost unregarded. The performance of Gounod's opera was above the average in point of excellence, and there were changes in the *mise-en-scène* of the last act which testified to thoughtful stage management.

The opera on Friday was *L'Africaine*, with Mdme Pauline Lucca in the part which, for so many years, she has held against all comers. It is needless to enter into particulars regarding an assumption so well known. Suffice it that the gifted lady played Selika with all her old directness of aim and intensity of style, consequently, with all her old effect. She was again greatest in the closing scene, when, abandoned by the despicable Vasco, the African Queen puts an end to a life that is not worth living. Mdme Lucca's status as an operatic artist might well be left to stand or fall with this striking effort, a better than which the present generation is unlikely to see. Signor Mierzwinski did not redeem the character

of the Portuguese navigator by adventitious charms of voice and style. He appeared to rely upon a few high notes, singing the rest in a manner which we are bound to characterise as careless and inartistic. Moreover, he was sometimes painfully out of tune. There were excellent points in the Nelusko of Signor Novara, who acted with considerable power in the scene of the oath, and often sang with good effect. M. Devoyod also gave valuable support to the representation of Meyerbeer's work.

On Saturday took place a revival of *Lucrezia Borgia*, which a large audience emphatically endorsed, though the work is by many regarded as out of harmony with present taste. M^{me} Durand represented the terrible Duchess of Ferrara, and made an emphatic success, as was anticipated by all who had become acquainted with her means as a dramatic soprano. A good representative of Gioconda, such as we know M^{me} Durand to be, can hardly fail as *Lucrezia*. Tragic power, intense vocal expression, and a command of many feelings are required in the one part as in the other. M^{me} Durand, therefore, approached her task without much reason for the nervousness shown in the opening scene. She soon gained confidence, and the rest was easy. Amateurs scarcely need telling in which parts of Donizetti's opera this capable and valued artist produced most effect. In the scene where the Duke deliberately poisons Gennaro, whose life is saved by the Duchess, M^{me} Durand made a great impression, as, also, in the final scene, where the revengeful *Lucrezia* bewails the death of her son. These were crucial tests, and the artist, having safely passed them, stood higher than ever in critical opinion. M^{me} Scalchi's Orsini was as good as ever, the usual encore falling to the popular brindisi. Signor Marconi played Gennaro with excellent intentions, and made quite a "hit" with the interpolated air, "Deserto in terra," while in Signor de Reszke the character of Duke Alfonso had a powerful representative—one fully qualified to balance the great and striking individuality of the Duchess. Signor de Reszke acted and sang throughout like the good artist we all know him to be.—D. T.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS AT NEWPORT.

On Thursday evening, May 29, a large audience assembled at the Albert Hall, to hear the lecture by Mr Brinley Richards on "Ancient and Modern Music," recently given before the Society of Arts. Mr Richards was specially invited by the mayor (Mr J. W. Jones) to give his lecture, and as it was to be accompanied by a number of recitals on the piano, illustrative of the progress of music from the fifteenth century to the present time, the greatest interest was excited. The selections were happily made, and their rendering by the distinguished lecturer was greatly enjoyed. His Worship the Mayor introduced Mr Richards and said, "Mr Richards and himself were born in the same town, and they had been well acquainted 35 years. Mr Richards' name was a household word in Wales and Monmouthshire, and he was certain to receive a hearty welcome at their hands." (Applause.)

Mr Richards then made the following among other interesting remarks on Welsh music:—"The works from which nearly all writers—during the last hundred years—have derived their information are the collections by Parry and Williams and Edward Jones. In the elaborate preface by Dr Owen Pughe, he appears to have been so convinced of the descent of the Welsh from the Jews, that he considers all the instruments and music of Wales are of Jewish origin, while another, in the same volume, expresses his opinion that the first language spoken in Wales was the Hebrew! If this was so, what becomes of the antiquity of the Welsh language? As for the derivation of our music from the Hebrew, it will be sufficient to remark that all Hebrew music is Oriental and quite distinct from that of Wales, which may be described as harp music, and consists of a scale different in character from that of Eastern nations; and though the harp, like most ancient instruments, has been in a great measure superseded by others of great power, it will always be worthy of remembrance for its historical associations and the many beautiful melodies for which we are indebted to it. Nor should we be unmindful that among those who have so long and so earnestly pleaded for its preservation there is no one more worthily entitled to our respect, and to the gratitude of a nation than the patriotic and venerable Lady of Llanover. It has been said that the art of writing music was known to the Welsh in the eleventh century; but if this were correct, it seems remarkable that from that period to the eighteenth century there should be no remains whatever of Welsh music in MS."

In terminating his address, Mr Richards said, "his visit was especially gratifying from the circumstance that one whom he had known during so long a period was now occupying the honourable position of chief magistrate in the important town of Newport, where his public conduct, his kind heart and genial disposition, had rendered him so deservedly popular among all classes." (Cheers.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday evening, May 24:—

Trio in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, pianoforte, violin and violoncello (Beethoven)—Miss Waechter, Mr Lewis Hann, and Mr J. E. Hambleton, pupils of Mr Harold Thomas, Mr Ralph, and Mr Piatti; Song (MS.), "What says the sea?" (Nellie Knight, student)—accompanist, Miss Knight—Miss Susanna Fenn, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr Fiori; Toccata and Fugue, in D minor, organ (Bach)—Mr Drewett, pupil of Dr Steggall; Recitative and Aria, "In native worth," *Creation* (Haydn)—accompanist, Mr Arndell—Mr W. Nicholl, pupil of Mr Fiori; Song (MS.), "Bird Songs" (Kathleen O'Reilly, student)—accompanist, Miss O'Reilly—Miss Eleanor Rees, Westmorland Scholar, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Shakespeare; "The Rolling Waves" (Allegro con Grazia), "Dancing Nymphs" (Allegro Vivace), Nos. 1 and 6 of Six Grand Studies, Op. 16, pianoforte (Frederick Bowen Jewson)—Miss Adele Surville, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Prayer, "Come unto Thee, O Lord," *Eli* (Sir Michael Costa)—accompanist, Mr C. S. Macpherson—Miss Clarrie Jones, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Vivace, from Sonata in A minor (MS.), pianoforte and violin (Rowland Briant, student)—Mr Rowland Briant and Mr J. E. German, pupils of Mr Prout, Mr H. R. Evers, and Mr Burnett; Recitative and Arioso, "I will sing," *St Paul* (Mendelssohn)—accompanist, M^{me} Serruys—Miss Rennie, pupil of Mr Randegger; Adagio from Concerto, in G, No. 11, violin (Spohr)—accompanist, Miss Münster—Miss Cheetham, pupil of Mr Sainton; Song (MS.), "The day is done" (Helena Heath, student)—accompanist, Miss Heath—Miss Ellis, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr F. Walker; Song, "Le Roi Henri" (A. Goring Thomas)—accompanist, Mr Thomas B. Knott—Miss Sheridan, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Song (MS.), "A love song" (Gertrude Rolls, student)—accompanist, Miss Rolls—Mr Walter Mackway, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr F. Walker; Polonaise in C, Op. 89, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Harvey, pupil of Mr Arthur O'Leary; Two Songs (MS.), "Music when soft voices die" and "My wish" (Amy Horrocks, student)—accompanist, Miss Horrocks—Miss Marie Etherington, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr M. Garcia; Fantasia Impromptu, in C sharp minor, pianoforte (Chopin)—Mr Albert H. Fox, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren.

ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Allow me to repeat a suggestion which has appeared in these columns before. With reference to the above subject, "English Opera" should really be what its name implies: that is to say, Opera written and composed in English and performed by native artists; everything should be English, the orchestra, chorus and conductor. I say this, with every disposition to accord due credit to the talented and energetic manager, who has done much to influence public taste in the right direction, but let him not rest satisfied till he can succeed in enlisting sufficient native talent to supply a repertoire entirely English—no adaptations. In the interests of a cause which we ought all to have at heart, this should be the wish and the aim of every

TRUE LOVER OF ENGLISH OPERA.

MISS WAUD'S AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—At the Masonic Hall on Tuesday, an entertainment was given before a large and fashionable audience on behalf of the restoration fund of St John the Evangelist, at Clapham. The curtain rose to Planche's old comedy of *The Jacobite*, which was appropriately dressed in the costume of the reign of George II. Mr Higgins and Mr Mayo handled fairly well the characters of Wroughton and Major Murray; but John Duck by Mr Booty was an excellent piece of comedy acting. His by-play was good, and above all he was well up in his lines. Miss Lilian Waud made a dashing Lady Somerford, and Miss Emily Arnold a very smart Patty Pottle. The programme concluded with Broughton's *Withered Leaves*, in which Mr Higgins showed in far better form as Tom Conyers, and Mr Booty again made a success as Middleton. Mr Mayo was also more at home as the villain Cecil Vane. Miss Constance Waud was a very pretty and ladylike May Rivers; she played with great intelligence, and her denunciation of Vane brought down the house. Miss Emilie Arnold as Lady Conyers showed good dramatic art, and there was a piquancy in her performance truly charming. Sir Conyers was taken by Mr Leighton, but the make-up was far too young for Tom's father. There was a good band under Mr Oliphant, and the evening may be described as a decided amateur success.—Local Paper.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Herr Franke began his short season of German opera on Wednesday night, thus putting an end to doubts which, perhaps, had no better origin than the financial failure attendant upon similar enterprises of recent date. There is no reason why the lyric drama of our Teutonic cousins should not come to us regularly in the summer, like many other things of less note and value. The Germans in London are numerous enough to support their own opera if they have a mind to work together for that end; while, considering the strength of the repertory, a large measure of English support is assured to a deserving effort. We shall see presently whether Herr Franke's enterprise is regarded by his countrymen and our own people as sufficiently good to become the foundation of permanent success. At this moment no confidence on the point can be for a moment entertained.

Wise choice was made of an opening work. The *Meistersinger* is the most human—and therefore the most sympathetic—of all Wagner's operas. Its atmosphere is neither lurid with the light of lust nor black with the darkness of crime. It tells a story in which love, the unchangeable and abiding, mixes pleasantly with quaint social customs that have passed away. There is humour in the work, mild and heavy, as usual with the Germanic type of that quality, but humour nevertheless; and mixed with all may be noted a spice of satire so good-tempered that those against whom it is aimed can join in the laugh it provokes. Then the music is often so beautiful as to make generous hearers ignore the fact that the constituents of its merit are those most prominently representative of the composer's strange inconsistency.

Wagner made his domestic opera what it is in public esteem chiefly by flying in the face of his own theories. He condemned domestic opera as a type; he argued away formal melody, set pieces, the dance; and, having embraced them all in the *Meistersinger*, achieved his greatest possible success. Perhaps it was well for the school called by his name that the master died when he did. A few more years might have seen him posing as a German Auber. One does not think of all this when face to face with the Nuremberg opera. There is only the consciousness of a spirit so genial as to open the heart and, at the same time, close the questioning mouth. The fact by no means implies that the work, when looked at critically, is just as we would have it. Many amateurs find adhesion to symphonic drama impossible. They cannot accept the doctrine exemplified to a considerable extent even in the *Meistersinger*, that the orchestra should be the musical expositor, that the noblest of all instruments should be prostituted to mere declamation, and that, consequently, the most subtle, powerful, and entrancing of the arts conjoined in opera should draw attention and interest to the wrong side of the footlights. This matter of principle must, as a question of principle, be always set forth by way of guard against too wide an application of approval which, in the case of the *Meistersinger*, justice is bound to bestow with generous hand.

Coming to last night's performance, let us first of all point out that it had to contend with memories of the able representations given in Drury Lane Theatre three years ago. The conductor, Herr Richter, was the same; the orchestra, though containing only a proportion of the Royal Italian Opera band, was at least as good, and the stage business showed no very appreciable falling off. We must look to the principal artists, therefore, for explanation of the fact that the *Meistersinger* of last night was not the *Meistersinger* of the Drury Lane season. It even failed to call forth in striking measure the enthusiasm of the easily-roused gallery. There was none of the suppressed excitement which pervades an audience profoundly interested, and, to speak plainly, the opera moved along with heaviness. We shall be expected to say in what the chief performers were lacking. The obligation is easily met. There are some of Wagner's lyric dramas which do not insist upon the actors being also singers. So long as the Wotans and Alberichs can declaim in stentorian tones, the exigencies of their vocal task are satisfied. The *Meistersinger*, however, demands more than declamation. It contains vocal music which must be sung, and well sung, or disappointment is inevitable, especially if the performance takes place where the best vocalists in the world are regularly heard. We listened vainly for good singing last night. The voices were in some cases thin and wiry, in other cases harsh and of faulty intonation; while the graces of the vocalist, for which in this instance Wagner's music gives some scope, were almost entirely lacking. As much, or as little, was, however, to be expected with Wagnerian artists not of the foremost rank. A short career on the stage of Germany's "new art" suffices to destroy alike the quality and flexibility of the voice, and reduces its owner to the position of one who, in order to be heard at all, must strain and struggle with a tired and obstinate organ. The dramatic part of last night's representation proved far more successful than the vocal. Every person engaged knew his

work, and did it intelligently, while the various parts of the ensemble fitted into each other with all necessary completeness. Special mention was deserved by Herr Fischer, who represented that most respectable of operatic bores, Hans Sachs, by Herr Schroeder (David), and Herr Gudehus (Walter); for the rest it will suffice to record that Frau Schuch-Proska played Eva; Fräulein Schaernack, Magdalena; Herr Moedlinger, Beckmesser; and Herr Wiegand, Pogner. The symphonic music for the orchestra was fairly well played under the luminous guidance of Herr Richter, whose reception by an audience which, if not crowded, was cordial, showed that in doing his work perfectly he only came up to expectation.—D. T.

Weber's romantic opera, *Der Freyschütz*, was announced to be given last night.

STAGE LISTENERS.

(From the "St James's Gazette.")

It may be assumed that the majority of English playgoers are more or less familiar with the current of opinion evoked by Mr Henry Irving's American performances; but there occurred in one of the less prominent criticisms a sentence so happily suggestive, that particular attention may just at this moment be perhaps usefully directed to it. In reference to the actor's impersonation of Benedick in *Much Ado about Nothing*, it was observed in an American journal that "Mr Irving listened to the other characters so well that the audience took the same interest in all that was said and done on the stage." Only the few probably will recognize the wide ground covered by this apparently simple observation. It is at once a text or a summary—a truism, or an epitome of the art of acting—according to the standpoint from which it is regarded. Whether or not we are on the threshold of an era of truer and more extended artistic perception the future must declare; but, confining ourselves to the province of the stage, it can scarcely be disputed that its professors have hitherto evinced a marked predilection for concerning themselves solely with the special characteristics of their own parts. His "part" is the actor's one great consideration—his business, his pleasure, and his opportunity. But the idea that an actor with a small speaking part may yet find great artistic opportunity as a "listener," if not absolutely novel, may nevertheless be commended to the majority of our younger dramatic aspirants.

It is worth while to see how this idea shapes itself on actual analysis. *Hamlet* is the longest of all Shakspeare's dramas. It cannot be thought of apart from the power and beauty of its soliloquies; and so paramount is the influence of its central character that "the play of *Hamlet* with *Hamlet* left out" has become a proverbial phrase to express the absence of any dominant personage or element in any matter. Omitting, then, from this consideration the half a dozen great soliloquies, the Prince of Denmark has to make some 350 speeches (long and short) to the other personages of the drama. What is more to the present purpose, however, is the cognate fact that even this persistent speaker must be seriously, intelligently, or passionately interested in 400 speeches delivered by those other personages. It is sufficiently obvious that in spite of the highest elocutionary skill, *Hamlet* would become sadly tedious and unsatisfactory were not the "listening" portion played with practised art and sustained honesty of purpose. The effect of *Hamlet*'s reiteration of the Ghost's "Remember me!" cannot be separated from the manner in which the son has received the awful intelligence just imparted by his father's spirit—in a word, to his delicacy and *finesse* as a stage listener. A performer here who should show that he was only mechanically waiting for his cue would be worthy of scant attention when his own turn came. Almost the same thing may be said of the play scene, which is supposed to supply the actor with one of his greatest opportunities, and in which he is of course nothing if not a listener. Similar reasoning applies to comedy, in which, indeed, the actual effect of good or bad stage listening is felt even more than in tragedy. In *Much Ado about Nothing* Shakspeare puts into Benedick's mouth about a hundred and forty speeches; but he gives him no fewer than three hundred and fifty occasions for being interested in the speeches of other people. That is to say, that just the latter number are addressed either to

Benedick or to others in his hearing; and it is only an actor in a very genuine sense of the word who can, by clever listening, suggest alertness and that mental engagement in the business of the scene which forms the foundation of all stage verisimilitude.

Speaking at the dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, Mr Irving expressed his conviction not only that gentlemen of education were eager to enter the dramatic profession, but that "a perfect multitude of gentlewomen" were, as a rule, only debarred from following their example by the one disadvantage—inability to act. Mr Irving is an authority upon the subject upon which he thus delivers himself; but he will probably hear of many aspirants who wholly dissent from his opinion. The prevailing impression would seem to be that there is no present lack of talent in stage novices—that is to say, no lack of promise; but rather of the inclination to submit to discipline and to enter upon the course of steady application, if not of actual drudgery, which every professional career demands. For, whether regarded as a fine art or as constituting a regular "profession," the dramatic highway cannot be freed from those tolls which ambition must pay before it can reach the goal of success. It is perhaps not altogether a misfortune for the profession, that modern facilities enable so many confident novices to publish their own presumption and to reap its consequences. Regarded simply as an arena on which to achieve personal triumphs, the stage is wrested from its true function. "The play's the thing;" and, till actors realize their own subordination to a master scheme of colour and composition, the prevailing misapprehension is not likely to be removed. In this view the "listener" may support the scene as really, if not as prominently, as the "leading" man. He may be an artist in the truest sense of that well-abused word; and, happily, we are not without actors who are sometimes content to yield the situations in a play which are apparently all-important, and who retire to help the middle-distance, or even the background of the picture, with their unassuming but finished art.

"No other actor has ever so cleverly emphasized by looks, gestures, changes of position and of countenance, the lines which other actors have to recite in his presence." Thus concludes the American criticism to which we have referred; but it may be profitably remembered that these subtle touches can only be acquired by service in the ranks. Stage juveniles may be reminded of an old-fashioned but wholesome piece of advice: "They should be seen but not heard"—in their day of theatrical infancy. Mme Celeste, who made her first reputation as a pantomimist and danseuse, achieved a signal success in her first "speaking part," though it consisted solely of the exclamation, "My child, my child!" Young actors will find abundant profit in attending closely for some time to the rôle of stage listener; and, sustaining this function with discretion and perseverance, they will hear nothing but good of themselves from their present judges, and will lay the surest foundations for a future successful career.

SEÑOR SARASATE.

A spirit seems to sweep the strings
When Sarasate such rapture brings;
A force unseen must then inspire,
And touch with music's sacred fire,
When skill and sweet refinement shine
With delicacy so divine,
We feel unfit to dwell below,
In this cold world, so coarse and low.
We'd like to soar on wings of sound
Where peace and harmony are found;
Where purity and love vibrate,
And no harsh notes of discord grate.

Copyright,

MRS BARRETT.

The concert given on the 31st ult., in honour of M. Padeloup, at the Trocadéro, Paris, proved, as was expected, a very great success. Sig. Bergamaschi, baritone, is engaging in Milan an operatic company for India. On their way thither, the company will play at Java.

THE COLONEL'S TROUBLE.

(From Freund's "New York Weekly," May 22.)

The *S. S. City of Rome* took away, on Saturday last, Haverly and his Mastadons to the other side; also Mme Fursch-Madi, Maurice Strakosch, Mr Ruben, and other artistic folks, while the *City of Berlin* carried off the brave Colonel of the Academy, his family, and immediate friends. The floral tribute offered to the Colonel by his friends was magnificent, and brought tears to his eyes. The design consisted in a large crown of roses supported on four rounded arms of metal, covered with vines and blossoms, and upheld by a huge bank of most exquisite flowers, in the centre of which was the following inscription worked in forget-me-nots on a background of white carnations:

.....o
: J. H. M. :
: INVINCIBLE. :
.....o

Three broad satin ribbons of red, white, and blue hung beside it. On one ribbon was printed, "To Colonel J. H. Mapleson;" on the second, "From his many friends;" and on the third, "New York, 1884."

Surely this is salve on the sorest wound, for the wound that has been struck into the Colonel's flesh is a sore one, there is no doubt about it. He will feel it the moment he begins to make engagements on the other side. A little more wisdom on his side and a little less bluster would have avoided the misunderstanding with his directors.

—o—

WAIFS.

Erminia Borghi-Mamò has returned to Bologna.

Masini has been much applauded in *Rigoletto* at Barcelona.

Sig. Bimboni, the well-known conductor, has returned to Milan.

Tamberlik has started on a concert-tour in the Russian provinces.

G. Bizet's *Carmen* will be performed in September at Padua and Lucca.

Signorina Donadio has been singing with brilliant success in Palermo.

The Italian operatic season at Alicante (Spain), has not been very successful.

The concerts of the Orchestral Society, Genoa, will be resumed in September.

The authorities have decided that the Stadttheater, Vienna, shall not be re-built.

Alice Urban will sing a few nights this season at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Jules Bariller, conductor at the Théâtre du Palais Royal, has died, aged 59, in Paris.

Louis Blumenberg, the violoncellist, has been giving concerts in Galveston, Texas.

Suppé's *Donna Juanita* has been brought out at the Teatro de la Alhambra, Madrid.

Mdme Marie Jaëll contemplates making a concert-tour next winter in Germany.

Herr Gura has been playing a short engagement at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

The publication of the periodical, *Firenze Artistica*, has been resumed in Florence.

Nadina Bulicoff is engaged for next season of Italian opera at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Mdme Fursch-Madi left America for Europe on the 17th ult., but returns early in September.

The great Italian tragedian, Tommaso Salvini, is stopping at his Villa del Cupolino, Florence.

As usual, the Italian operatic season at the Casino, Aix-les-Bains, will commence in September.

Herr Griener, baritone, has been engaged for three years at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Johann Strauss's buffo opera, *Eine Nacht in Venedig*, has proved attractive at Daly's Theatre, New York.

By this time, Ch. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* has, probably, been given at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona.

The Teatro Vittorio Emanuele, Turin, may possibly be re-opened for ten performances of G. Bizet's *Carmen*.

Previously to leaving Barcelona, Masini, the tenor, gave 1,300 liras to the Italian Charitable Society there.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* will be performed this season for the first time at the Russian Operahouse, St Petersburg.

Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* was recently given for the first time, amid much applause, at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

The title of Royal Prussian Chamber-Singer has been conferred on Herr Franz Krolop, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Louis Brassin, pianist, and professor at the Conservatory of Music, St Petersburg, has died in that city, aged 44.

Signorina Turolla has appeared with much success in Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

There is some talk of Mdmes Patti, Nilson, Señor Gayarre, and Sig. Masini being engaged next season at Monte Carlo.

Dr Julius Werther's resignation of the artistic directorship of the Court and National Theatre, Mannheim, has been accepted.

Emmanuel Geibel, the Nestor of German poets and author of the libretto of Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, died a short time since at Lubeck.

Besides the principal "star," Mdme Mallinger, a second, Herr Heinrich Bötzel, from Hamburg, is now singing at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

The summer operatic season at the Crystal Palace, Leipsic, was inaugurated on the 21st ult. with a performance of *La Dame Blanche*.

Mdme Adler-Devriès is engaged for ten nights next December at the Teatro Real, Madrid, when she will appear in *Hamlet*, *Faust*, and *Rigoletto*.

El Consejo de los Diez, a posthumous zarzuela of the composer Cristobal Oudrid, who died in 1877, has been produced at the Teatro Apolo, Madrid.

A new zarzuela, *De Inspector á Emperador*, music by Isidoro Fernandez, has met with a favourable reception at the Teatro Martin, Madrid.

In consideration of his services to musical literature, the Doctor's degree has been conferred by the Leipsic University on Herr Otto Kade, Schwerin.

Herr Theodor Wachtel has taken his "final farewell," at the Walhalla-Operentheater, of the Berlin public, the opera selected for the occasion being *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*.

Mdme Rosa Sucher and Heinrich Vogl began on the 1st inst. a short engagement at the Imperial Operahouse Vienna, the operas for which they were announced being *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Die Walküre*.

Freudenberg's opera of *Cleopatra*, already successfully performed in Wiesbaden, Magdeburg, and Königsberg, will be given next winter at the Stadttheater, Bremen, under the management of Angelo Neumann.

The winter season of Stern's Association, Berlin, was brought to a close on the 19th ult., when the programme included *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, Schumann; the 43rd Psalm, Mendelssohn; and three Trios for female voices, E. H. Seyffardt.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—It is announced that during the summer season the performance at the Alhambra will commence at 8 and terminate at 11 o'clock. The tuneful *Beggar Student* is still running successfully, and the Whitsun holiday season has been signaled by the reduction of the price of admission to the gallery to sixpence. Millocker's opera is superior in dramatic idea and in musical execution to several works that might on the surface appear akin to it, and the two grand ballets—with Mdles Pertoldi and Palladino as *première danseuses*—fully sustain the *prestige* of the house in this branch of spectacular attraction. The next production will be a new version of Burnand's popular *Black Eyed Susan*, supplemented by Grand Ballets.

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